THE LADY'S

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To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

BEING about to leave this city, I have been by the frequent solicitations of my friends, persuaded to give the following pieces* to the public. I have chosen your paper for the vehicle by which to communicate and give them publicity. The instruction of youth is rather promoted by interesting narrations, than by dry and argumentative reasoning; this is aimed at in the following tale.

With the most cordial wishes for the success of your miscellany, I am, sir, your obedeint servant,

ARATUS.

New-York, June, 1808.

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ABDALLAH AND FATIMA.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

ABDALLAH turned his generous steed towards the lovely village of Anapa, after having crossed the gently-flowing Kirban, whose broad stream separated his adored Circassia from the dominions of the fierce and inhospitable Tartar; wearied and overcome at length with the fatigue of flight, he departed from the plain which extends itself between Cadi-Keui, and his native city. It was just at the close of day, when the tuneful warbler began his melodious vesper, the lofty mount obstructed the oblique rays of the setting sun, and nature seemed every where habited in the garments of repose; all was silent; the moon cast her faint beams over the celestial vault; the youthful Abdallah now gave vent to the feelings which agitated his bosom, "O Circassia, my country, my country, what evils are about to fall upon you; why do not your sons clothe themselves in the vestments of sorrow? why do not your lovely daughters betake themselves to the dark shades of high Caucasus? in vain are your fertile vallies cultivated, in vain do your trees produce their fruits, all, all become the prey of savage conquerors."—Thus bewailing the situation of his country, the youthful patriot journeyed on towards the gloomy heights of the neighboring mountain, seeking within the dark recesses of its forests, at least a temporary refuge; on entering the wood, his first object was the discovery of a commodious place, as a shelter under which he might rest his wearied limbs and recline a few moments at ease escaped from the labour of flight, while his troubled mind was wavering

* See poetical department, vol. 7, nos. 8,9

amidst a contrariety of doubts, of hopes and fears, he perceived at a distance a small light, twinkling in the midnight which surrounded him; its faint gleaming appeared to be produced by some taper, his spirits but a little before depressed with the melancholy prospect of his condition, now changed the sad stamp which the thoughts of slavery, wretchedness, and ruin, had affixed to them, and began to assume once more their wonted cheerfulness: he proceeded cautiously on, and soon approached so near as to discover an aged figure, holding in his hand a simple match, his countenance appeared sprightly, although age had wrinkled its original smoothness, his wintry beard proclaimed his extreme and venerable age, his silver locks fell carelessly upon his shoulders, and floated upon the sportive breeze, at the sound of footsteps he looked up, Abdallah had dismounted, and now respectfully came towards him, "Father, (said the unhappy youth) have pity upon a forlorn and miserable creature, expelled from his home by the arms of evil invaders; give me, I pray thee, shelter if but this night, and let thy blessed dwelling protect me." The figure of Abdallah, which was remarkably elegant, was a little reclined as he made this request, his manly countenance seemed in a manner softened by the pressure of some internal grief, which pressed upon him, his fine blue eyes appeared almost to plead in his behalf; the aged senior was deeply affected, he sighed aloud, and looked towards his suppliant, the big tears stood trembling in his eye, at length, after a few moments pause, he thus addressed him, "Come, my son, go with me to yonder cave, where you shall be freed from the persecutions of your enemies."—"Thanks to thy generous goodness, worthy father, cried the grateful Abdallah, as he entered a little avenue which led to a neighbouring cave; as they advanced, the youth was struck with admiration at the elegant simplicity every where visible; here no numerous train of attendants, or splendid equipage, were seen, but all was the simple work of nature, sweet shrubs entwined their little limbs around the portal, the gay and lovely flower enamelled the entrance, and many a charming twig, with serpentine folds, encircled the pleasing grot; after they had entered, and were seated, they began a conversation upon the cruelty of the ruthless Tartars, and mutually inflamed with patriotic warmth they implored the blessings of heaven upon their ruined country, and imprecated its vengeance upon their enemies: during the course of the conversation, the aged hermit observing the feeble debility and languid countenance of his guest, requested him to wait a little, whilst he went to provide a homely yet an honest fare, and returning very soon with a number of covered dishes, he set them upon a rude and unpolished table of stone, which stood near the youth,

"all these," said the senior, "you may open except that one which stands in the middle of the table, that you must not, on any account, open; let not your curiosity tempt you to the deed, for it would involve both you and me in certain ruin; eat and drink, here are plenty, but oh, be careful and beware of yon criminous trencher," he spoke, and immediately left the cavern. Abdallah, whom this advice had much surprized, as well from its novelty, as the important secret which accompanied it, was for a few moments lost in a reverie of doubts, deliberating with himself whether he should immediately explore its mystical secrecy, and display its contents; tempted by curiosity, his hand was half reached forth to remove the cover which secreted from his view the object he so much wished to behold, when a voice seemed to warn him of the consequences; he considered the goodness of his kind host, he recollected the distresses from which he had relieved him; these ideas made a strong impression upon a mind so susceptible of the finest sentiments of honour, as was that of Abdallah, and he determined to overcome the force of curiosity; to relieve therefore his anxious mind from all thoughts of the portentous dish, he began to satisfy the calls of nature, by appeasing his hunger, and having recourse to the nectarious sherbet for refreshment, but soon the fumes of that quickly circulating and pleasing liquor had arisen to his head, and being nearly intoxicated, he was heedless of consequences, and turning round his eyes towards the threatened forerunner of misfortune and distress, something like a confused idea of late transactions occurred to him, the spark of curiosity before almost extinguished, was now fanned by rashness into a flame; the thoughtless Circassian placed his hand upon the dish, he removed the cover, when a sight which freezed his soul with horror, presented itself to view! his bosom laboured under the weight of intermingled sorrow, indignation, and resentment; the conflict in his breast was severe, for all the three passions held equal sway: before him, full exposed to the scrutiny of his eyes, was the beautiful hand of a female, upon one of the fingers was a ring curiously worked, in the centre of which was placed a lucent diamond, whose radiance illuminated the fair, yet distressing object which it was intended to adorn. Abdallah recoiled with terror from the sight, his ideas rolled back and settled upon the hermit, whom he feared to behold; his own rash curiosity he now sincerely lamented, and was grieved at its sad effects; he looked at the entrance of the cave, expecting every moment to see it beset with foes; but all was calm, he viewed the forbidden object, and was lost in meditation, he now esteemed his aged host as some sorcerer, or bandit, of whose ferocity this was an awful specimen; perhaps, considered he, I am his next

intended victim, but whilst I have my sword, I'll bravely contend against any numbers; my courage is my own peculiar property, no one can deprive me of it; he determined, therefore, to take the hand and endeavour to discover by it the person to whom it belonged, and whom he doubted not was made a prey to cruelty, avarice, or unbridled passion. The soft pliability of the skin, and the beautiful azure veins impressed him with an idea that the person to whom it once belonged, was a lady of rank and fortune, whose tender frame was unaccustomed to perform the severe exercises of manual labour; no sooner, however, had he removed it from the trencher in which it was placed, than a loud clap of thunder was heard, the heavens and earth seemed to clash in ruin, and the imprudent youth immediately found himself in a sumptuous and elegant room, it's roof seemed studded with gold and precious stones: whilst he was admiring the strangeness of the adventure, and the elegance of the apartment in which he had been placed by what he supposed magic or divine power, a loud noise was heard, the doors of the apartment flew open, and the old hermit who had received Abdallah into his cave, made his appearance. "Rash and imprudent youth, (said he) what could have tempted thee thus to become obnoxious to punishment, by violating the trust I imposed in thee; were you not told of the dangers attendant upon giving scope to your curiosity? I am the genius Fouina, who inhabit not this place only, but obeying the mandates of Allah, I fly through all the universe. I saw you distressed, I knew your virtues, I admired your love of country; for these reasons, I had formed an attachment to you, and shall I say you have abused it? yes, Abdallah, although the possessor of great and noble qualities, you give ascendency to a frivolous curiosity, I therefore drop all charge of you, and give you up to the dominion of the evil genius Gelippi, whose cruelty may be displayed in the barbarous specimen which that object the test of your obedience will furnish."—"O, righteous Fouina, replied Abdallah, leave me not, I intreat you, I have certainly offended, I have exposed myself to your just anger, but grant me at least your advice, tell me a rule of conduct which may regulate my actions, let not the cruel Gelippa have unbridled power over me." When Abdallah had made this request, Fouina viewed him with a look expressive of his warmest friendship. "Take said she, that ring which is seen upon the hand to you unknown, and place it upon your own finger, this will preserve your life amid all dangers. It has two valuable qualities, the one is when the diamond is turned towards any person, you become invisible to him; the other is whenever you are about to commit an action not conformable with virtue and propriety, it will act as a secret monitor, and admonish

you, by pressing your finger, giving pain in proportion as the offence is great.' She said, then immediately disappeared, taking with her the hand, after Abdallah had removed the ring, and transferred it to his own finger. His first thought after the good genius had left him, was to make, if possible, his escape, and for this purpose he rushed towards one of the doors, but it was closed and locked, he went to another, but it was also fastened; grieved, he tried a third, but the attempt was equally vain and fruitless. He remained here some time, listening attentively for the approach of some one to relieve him, but the dawn began to appear, the sun shone bright upon the diamonds and pearls which incrusted the walls, and which seemed to mock his rays with their lustre. Abdallah looked at them with surprise; he cast his eyes around him, many objects which the shades of night had obscured, now arose to view, superb pillars reared their majestic columns, statues and paintings of exquisite workmanship were placed around, and seemed to declare the place supernatural. The young patriot, who was unaccustomed to behold such objects, could scarce restrain himself from frequent bursts of admiration. Whilst he was observing these things, and paying attention to many other wonders of the apartment, a door flew open, and a lovely woman made her appearance; the seductive glance of pleasure and transport shot from her eyes, the dewy moisture of which, connected with the soft languor of her air, the regular features of her countenance, and the graceful ringlets of her loose flowing hair shading a neck whose whiteness rivalled that of the Cygnet, found an object admirably calculated for the seduction of youth. Abdallah gazed with rapture upon her; in his transport he had almost lost remembrance of his dear Fatima, she for whom he had often spent a sleepless night, pondering over her beloved idea in his imagination. The beautiful unknown approached Abdallah, and eying him with a lacivious air, thus addressed him: "Know, my young friend, I am the genius of this place, these regions own my sway, my name is Gelippa, the guardian power of pleasure, I am the friend of mirth, come then, be my companion, and you shall be happy."

(To be continued.)

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany

SIR,

Thinking it likely the following interesting narrative would prove acceptable, and find a place in your Miscellany, I transcribed it for that purpose.

Yours, &c.

R. S.

A REMARKABLE CONSPIRACY

DISCOVERED AT MOSCOW,

BY

PETER THE GREAT.

DURING the commotions occasioned by the boundless ambition

of the princess Sophia,* it is well known that the revolt of the Strelitz † brought the Russian empire almost to the brink of destruction.

A brother of the famous Tottelawitau, colonel of that corps, lost his life upon the scaffold. He was named Osakoi; and as his money and estate were confiscated, he left his son in a very deplorable state of misery. This unfortunate youth having escaped the pursuit of the Emperor's emissaries, in a most wonderful manner, was concealed in a certain obscure village, by an old slave who had lived with his father. When he arrived at the state of manhood, this domestic told him the secret of his birth, and proposed to him a plan of avenging his family, by assassinating the Czar. The young man started with horror upon hearing this proposal; but he dissembled his sentiments, and the slave, who imagined that he had brought him over to his purpose, prevailed upon him to set out for Moscow, where, he informed him, he would find a number of conspirators, ready to second his design. Osakoi, either through weakness, or in hopes of being revenged, followed his conductor. They arrived in the night-time, and stopped at an inn near Kremlin, where the emperor resided.

The slave having there found his friends, they resolved to hold a consultation that very night, in the ruins of an old house, which was not far distant from the place.

Osakoi, who had in vain attempted to learn from his companion who the conspirators were, pressed him again to satisfy his curiosity, but without success.

When the hour of appointment approached, the slave only told him that he was going to be in company with people who were animated with a desire of revenge, and who, notwithstanding his youth and want of experience, earnestly wished to have him for their chief. "The humiliating situation to which you are now reduced,' added he, "the blood of your father still reeking—all ought to arouse your courage, and banish every idea of the danger that may arise from prosecuting your revenge."

These words made young Osakoi tremble; and with more reason, as the tavern was at that time full of Russians, who, according to the custom of their country, were giving themselves up to intoxication and excess.

The slave, it is true, spoke with

* Eldest sister of the Czar Peter, who carrying her views to the throne, attempted more than once to make him be put to death.

† A body of militia, which, in some respects might be compared to the Prætorian bands among the Romans, and the Janissaries among the Turks; but still more barbarous.

a very low voice, and in a kind of provincial dialect, unknown to the Russians of Moscow; but those who devise crimes are generally blind, and for the most part betray themselves by their own imprudence.

Osakoi and the slave repaired to the ruins, where the fatal assembly was to be held. As the conspirators were already met, the the most conspicuous among them addressed young Osakoi in the following manner:—"You see here, said he, "a set of unfortunate men, who have escaped from the tyranny of the Czar. That barbarian, though he put to death by the hands of the executioner, and even by his own, the greater part of our companions, the Strelitz, has not been able to extend his fury to us. Heaven hath preserved us to execute its vengeance, and the fatal moment is now arrived. Shudder with horror, young Osakoi! I have seen the blood of thy unfortunate father shed upon the scaffold: I followed him to the melancholy spot; but I could not save him! Wandering for ten years through the most frightful and dreary deserts, the misery of our situation compelled us to seek by fraud that subsistence, to which our rank, as soldiers and citizens, gave us a just title. But, to-morrow that cruel tyrant and his courtiers, shall fall by our hands. We loved your father, who was our chief; do you in turn become so, and let your resolution and courage prove you worthy of the choice we have made. When a sovereign has once stepped beyond the lawful bounds of power, his oppressed subjects, if they have courage to emancipate themselves, may also step beyond the limits of duty and humanity."

Osakoi perceived, that in the present juncture there was no alternative, and that even the appearance of weakness would be his sentence of death; he assumed, therefore, a courage which he did not naturally possess.

It was agreed by the conspirators, on separating, that they should assemble the next morning at the same hour: and that, for the greater security, Osakoi and the slave should return to the inn by different routes.

Scarcely had Osakoi advanced thirty steps, when he was accosted by a Russian, who begged that he would follow him. As he imagined this person to be one of the conspirators, he readily obeyed. Having arrived at a very narrow stair-case, which they mounted with some difficulty, they entered a small apartment, the door of which the Russian immediately closed.

"Be not surprized,' said the Russian to him, "at what I have done; what I have to tell you requires the most profound secrecy. I am just come, as well as you, from that assembly, where the

death of the Czar has been resolved upon with a solemn oath. Like you, I have been admitted this night, for the first time, among the conspirators; and, like you, I have particular reasons for being the irreconcileable enemy of my sovereign: but if his blood be due for the cruelties with which he is accused, our plot is very badly laid, for who, I pray, are these conspirators? Wretches stained with crimes, who have eluded the rigor of the laws; and plunderers, who breathe nothing but robbery, murder, and pillage, And who are their accomplices? according to their account, the chief men of the empire, and yet they have not dared to name any one among them! Who would so far disgrace himself, as to unite in any scheme with such banditti?—What plot have they opened to us?—For whom do we expose ourselves to danger, and for whom do we labour?—Plan, means, resources—every thing is unknown to us. Yet they wish us to become the blind instruments of such an enterprize.—These, young Osakoi, were my doubts and fears during this assembly. The conspirators have appointed you their chief; I readily subscribe to their choice; but make me see a little more clearly into this dark and mysterious business, and you may depend upon the exertions of my arm."

A heart formed by nature alone, which chance has removed from the intrigues of cities, and the baneful poison of courts, being incapable of treachery, is seldom a prey to suspicion. Osakoi was struck with the confidence of the Russian, and this confidence emboldened him to unveil his sentiments fully. "You must have remarked my surprise,' said he, "when I found myself in the midst of such an assembly; satisfied with my condition, acquainted only with my cottage, and a stranger to ambition, I enjoyed the most perfect tranquility—My eyes have been opened; I have been informed that I had a father to avenge; and that, in order to accomplish this end, I must stain my hands with the blood of my sovereign. But was I ever acquainted with this father? Am I certain whether he was innocent or guilty? And, whilst under this doubt, I must assassinate my master!—These thoughts, I must confess, are repugnant to my feelings. For who am I, to judge of the Emperor's conduct? What right, what authority has heaven given me to punish him? The proposal made me shudder. But the fear of death repressed my answer on my very lips. Since you have opened your heart to me, read what passes in mine;—I detest crimes, and above all, a crime of this nature: a voice within me seems to cry out, *Love and respect thy sovereign.* Have pity, therefore, on my youth; I give myself up to your direction—Save me from the fury of these barbarians, who have chosen me to be the executioner of their mas-

ter, and of mine. For if I must either perish, or attempt the life of the Czar, I choose rather to perish innocent."

"Thou shalt not perish," cried the Russian, "it is the Czar who now speaks to thee, and who can reward the noble ingenuity of thy sentiments."

The person who spoke to him was indeed the Emperor himself, who, under the disguise of a slave, had overheard part of the plot in the tavern. This discovery suggested an idea to him of being present at the assembly where his destruction was to be resolved upon. He had the courage to go thither, and escaped observation, by mixing with the conspirators. Having observed Osakoi much confused, and to faulter in his answers, he determined to save him, in case he should be found not absolutely guilty.

Those who may consider this story as savouring too much of romance, are, no doubt, ignorant that Peter's whole life was full of such kind of adventures. This prince, born to be the reformer of his nation, and who wished to see every thing with his own eyes, often introduced himself, disguised, into those public assemblies, where mirth and intoxication render the mind incapable of retaining a secret; and he was indebted to this activity alone, for the discovery of twenty plots which were formed against him. The people, therefore, who equally feared and respected him, often used to say, *The Emperor hears us, let us be honest.*

After having freed Osakoi from fear, by loading him with praise and caresses, he required of him, that he would return to his companion at the inn, and give as an excuse for his delay, that he was unacquainted with the streets of Moscow.

The slave believed what he said, and Osakoi next morning went with him to the assembly. It was there decided that they should set fire to the palace; that during the confusion occasioned by the conflagration, a part of the troop should employ themselves in pillaging, whilst the other, headed by Osakoi, should join the conspirators in the castle, who were particularly named, and who were people of the first eminence in the state: that they should afterwards advance towards the apartment of the Emperor, who would no doubt come forth, alarmed by the noise, and that they should then dispatch him with their poignards. Every thing was thus settled, and they were going to pronounce the oath, when the guards of the Czar surprized them. They were immediately seized, and thrown into prison; and the accomplices whom they named, were also arrested, and speedy punishment followed their crime;—they were committed into the hands of the executioner, and suffered that very day.

Osakoi rose rapidly, and soon saw no one between himself and the Emperor but Prince Menzikoff, whom fortune had raised from the dirt to the highest dignity and honour, and who, by a fatal reverse, was precipitated a few years afterwards, into the most abject misery.

THE STUDY OF ASTRONOMY Delightful.

IN fair weather, when the heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects. exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre ; and the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolution of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind (I hope it is not impious to make such a similie) as it would be to a good poet to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable scenes whereby the passions of a philosopher are greatly agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise !

How many fox-hunters and rural 'squires are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet ; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth ; and that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own ! " Aye, but," says some illiterate fellow, " I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it ; that is, you enjoy as a brute : but to enjoy as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends

to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places on turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yields a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur.

Tatler.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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GARRICK.

The witlings, who are in the habit of comparing every actor at all uncommon, with Garrick, know nothing of Garrick, or they would never dare hazard the comparison. "I well remember," says Dr. Beattie, "and I think I can never forget, how he once affected me in Macbeth, and made me almost throw myself over the front seat of the two shilling gallery. I wish I had another opportunity of risking my neck and nerve in the same cause. *To fall by the hands of Garrick and Shakespeare*, would ennoble my memory to all generations: To be serious, if all actors were like this one, I do not believe it would be possible for a person of sensibility to outlive the representation of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Macbeth*: which, by the bye, seems to suggest a reason for the mixture of comedy and tragedy, of which our great poet was so fond, and which the Frenchified critics think such an intolerable outrage both against nature and decency. Against nature, it is no outrage at all; the inferior officers of a court know little of what passes among kings and statesmen; and may be very merry when their superiors are very sad; and if so, the Porter's soliloquy in Macbeth may be a very just imitation of nature. And I can never accuse of indecency, the man, who, by the introduction of a little unexpected merriment, saves me from a disordered head, or a broken heart. If Shakespeare knew his own powers, he must have seen the necessity of tempering his tragic rage by a mixture of comic ridicule; otherwise there was some danger of his running into great excesses than deer-stealing, by sporting with the lives of all the people of taste in these realms."

CELIBACY AND MARRIAGE.

Celibacy, says an eloquent prelate, *like the fly in the heart of an apple*, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; *but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity.* But marriage, like the *useful bee*, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, keeps order, and exercises many virtues, hath the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship.

Quin being one day in a coffee-house, saw a young beau enter, in an elegant negligee dress, quite languid with the heat of the day. "Waiter," said the coxcomb, in an affected faint voice, "waiter, fetch me a dish of coffee, weak as water, and cool as a zephyr!" Quin, in a voice of thunder, immediately vociferated, "Waiter, bring me a dish of coffee, hot as h—ll, and strong as d—m—n." The beau, starting, exclaimed, "Waiter, pray what is that gentleman's name?" Quin, in the same tremendous tone, exclaimed, "Waiter, pray what is that *lady's* name?"

A man and woman one night, in a most violent storm, knocked pretty sturdily at Swift's door, and at length roused the Dean from his slumbers. He rose, and throwing up the sash of his chamber window, asked what they could want? They answered, they wanted to be married immediately, and had called for that purpose. "No, but," says the Dean, "can't you wait till morning. It is now one o'clock.' They stated some urgent reasons for proceeding without delay. The Dean found it in vain to parley. Well, said he, still keeping his head out of the window, and talking with the bride and bridegroom in the street, "if it must be so, I'll marry you now. Attend!

Under this window, in stormy weather,
I join this man and woman together;
Let none but *he*, who made the thunder,
E'er put this man and woman asunder."

An Irish officer of Dragoons, on the continent, on hearing that his mother had been married since he he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, there's that mother of mine married again! I hope she won't have a son older than me, for if she has, I shall be cut out of my estate."

ON SEEING A MANIAC.

I've seen the lily in its pride
Bedeck'd with pearly dew;
I've seen it bow its head and die,
Nipp'd by untimely frost.

I've seen the sun rise clear and bright,
And shed its beams around,
I've seen dark clouds his noon o'ercast,
I've seen him set in storms.

I've seen mild Spring her chaplet weave
For Summer's manly brow;
I've seen it torn by Autumn's blast,
And made the Winter's sport.

I've seen the temple built for years,
Heave high its guilded arch;

I've seen it's moss-grown roof and walls
In ruins, tumble down.

But all the changes of the year,
Of nature and of art;
Affect me not, as when I see
The ruins of a mind.

[*Pastime.*

A modern Tourist says, "they make as good *Cheshire* cheese in Ireland, as any *other part* of England!

EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

Notwithstanding the great number of duels that are continually occurring, the history of late years does not present us with such a singular recounter as took place in France, in the early part of the last century. We extract the following account of it from Meiner's interesting History of the Female Sex, which has recently made its appearance:

"The Duke of Richelieu was the cause of an unprecedented duel between two women, Madame de Pollignac, and Madame de Nesle, who disputed the possession of him. The Duke had repeatedly refused to see the former, but this was of no avail. Madame de Polignac still loved her inconstant gallant with as much ardour as ever; and was therefore jealous of all the ladies who had succeeded her, not single but in troops. Tortured by jealousy, she one day met Madame de Nesle, and challenged her to fight with pistols in the Bois de Boulogne. Madame de Nesle eagerly accepted the challenge, being animated by the same spirit of her fair antagonist, and hoping either to kill her rival, and thus remain in undisturbed possession of her lover, or to evince the strength of her attachment, and ardour of her passion, by an honorable death. The ladies met, and fired at each other. Madame de Nesle fell, and her fair bosom was covered with blood. "Come on," exclaimed her antagonist, "I will tell you the consequences of robbing a woman like me of her love—if I had the perfidious creature in my power, I would tear out her heart, as I have blown out her brains."—A young man, who heard these cruel words, begged her to moderate herself, and not to exult over her unfortunate opponent, whose courage, at least, could not but command her respect.—"Silence, young coxcomb," cried Madame de Polignac, "it does not become you to presume to give me instruction."—Madame de Nesle was not wounded in the breast, as had at first been feared, but very slightly in the shoulder. On coming to herself, some person asked her if the lover for whose sake she had fought, was worth her exposing herself to such a risk for him.—"O yes! she replied, "he deserves much better blood than what circulates in my veins, to be shed for him. He is the most amiable man in the whole court.—All the ladies lay snares for him; but I hope, after this proof of love which I

have given, to obtain the exclusive possession of his heart. I am under too great obligations to you, continued she, to conceal his name. It is the Duke de Richelieu—yes! the Duke de Richelieu, the first-born of War, and the Goddess of Love!'

MORE MISERIES.

In attempting to take up a poker *softly*, (an invalid asleep in the room) throwing it violently down, sociably accompanied by the tongs and shovel in its fall.

Visiting a remarkable *nice lady*, who lets you discover, by the ill-suppressed convulsion of her features and motions, that she considers your shoes as not wiped (in your passage over half a dozen mats)—that you stand too near a darling jar—lean rather too *emphatically* against the back of your chair—are in danger of waking *Shock*, by speaking in too high a key, &c. &c. till you begin to *envy* the *situation* of *real prisoners*.

Suddenly thinking of your best argument in a debate, and, in your eagerness to state it, swallowing your wine the wrong way, and so squeaking and croaking more and more unintelligibly, with the tears running down your cheeks, till the conversation has been turned, or your antagonist has left the company.

Being baited on all sides with intreaties to sing, when, either by nature or accident, you have no voice.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 23d inst. by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. John Phelan, to Mrs. Priscilla Morris, both of this city.

On Tuesday the 21st inst. at Union Hill, West Chester, by the rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Stephen Bayard, to Miss Eliza-ann De Lancey, daughter of Oliver De Lancey, esq.

On Thursday afternoon, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. John Powles, to Miss Rachel Bloomfield, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Nathaniel G. Minturn, of this city, to Miss Lydia Coates, daughter of Samuel Coates, esq. of that city.

On saturday evening last, by the rev Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Juv Pereau, to Miss Catherine Morney, both of this city.

DIED,

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Jacob John Lansing, formerly sherriff of the city and county of New-York, aged 55 years

On Monday evening, after a lingering illnes, Mrs. Eliza Bonneson, wife of Capt Bonneson, and daughter of Capt. James Snow, in the 21st year of her age.

Lately, at Trinidad, Mr. Andrew M Cray, of this city, and Mr. William Jarvis, late mate of the schr. Union.

At Baltimore, Richard Curson, jun. Esq. aged 46 years.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

HORACE, Ode 30th, Book 1st. to Venus.

The poet invokes Venus to be present at Glyceras' domestic sacrifice

"O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique."

Translation.

VENUS, at Paphus hail'd as queen
And at Cnidos often seen,
Cyprus neglect, and quickly come
To fair Glyceras' stately dome,
Who oft with incense loads your fane,
Let her not then implore in vain,
But come, and bring your glowing boy,
Who with the fair delights to toy;
The Graces bring with zones unbound,
And let the nymphs be seen around.
Bring, too, the youths with flowing hair,
Come you and Hermes' happy pair.
For what is youth and beauty too
Without persuasion's god and you.

ARATUS.

June 25.

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ODE TO SUMMER.

WHEN burning sol emits his schorching rays,
What theme can entertain the poet's lays?
Yet 'tis the sun that warms our parent earth,
Gives food to man, to vegetation birth;
Ripens the thirsty grain, and bounteous yields
The farmer plenty from his arid fields.
First the gay lark ascends the asure sky,
His warbling note proclaims the morn is nigh;
Phœbus in brilliant glory streaks the east,
Proclaims all nature rising from her rest,
But when the zenith flaming he ascends
And sultry vapours on our planet sends,
The vegetation at his presence fades,
And cattle, lowing, seek the friendly shades.
After the sun has sought the distant west,
And from his labour calls the swain to rest,
Fair Luna, mild, resumes her pleasing sway,
And thro' the heavens shoots a fainter ray.

ARATUS.

From the (Boston) Polyanthos.

THE REELING ROSCIUS.

An Epigram.

Tom Rantum, a buck and a comical dog
With his heart full of glee and his head full of grog,
One eve to the play house, in good sailing trim,
With a swing and a hiccup went reeling right in.
Tom collar'd poor *Powell*, and swore he'd engage,
Some develish high-go to act on the stage.
"Your *Bernards* a quiz and your *Twaits* is a hum,
Let *me* go on the stage, and I'll show the house fun."
The Manager seeing Tom Rantum's gay trim,

With this smooth civil speech thought
to humour his whim :
"What characters, sir, will you pur-
pose to act ?
I must know what you'll play before we
contract."
Play !—D—me your question is cursed
uncivil !
Play !—hickup—Play !—hick-up—why
I'll play—the *Devil*.

.....

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship ! sweet source of every joy,
Thy smiles each frown of fate defy,
O let me call thee mine ;
With thee I'll brave the heaviest storm,
Distress and woe in every form ;
O make this bosom thine.

The happy pair who own thy reign,
Enjoy what monarchs seek in vain,
And share the sweets of life ;
Their home amidst the warbling grove,
The seat of virtue and of love,
Is free from care and strife.

Here kindness wipes the traveller's tear,
Here tenderness and grace appear,
To cheer the drooping mind ;
Here sickness finds a healing balm,
Here troubles grow divinely calm,
Where love and friendship's join'd.

This consecrated blissful seat
Affords a safe and sweet retreat,
From grief and haggard care ;
Here streams of fond affection rise,
And spmpathy that never dies,
To bless the happy pair.

Hail, Friendship ! queen of earthly joys
Without thee diadems are toys,
And vain is nature's store ;
With thee I am supremely blest,
And with thee I would ever rest,
Nor ask the world for more.

A SONNET.

Ye roses bow your lovely head,
Nor boast your damask hue ;
For, see, yon spotless lily spreads
Her charms to rival you.

So in each beauteous female breast
Does envy's pssion dwell ;
Eeach lovely nymph of charms possess'd
Endeavours to excel.

Ah, foolish maids, behold your doom
In yonder faded flower ;
For what is beauty's softest bloom ?
The triumph of an hour !

TO SYLVIA.

If Sylvia too unkind should prove,
And all my vows despise !
The killing pangs of slighted love,
By death must close my eyes.

And if to ease my love-sick heart,
She yields to my desire ;
Transfix'd by Cupid's sweetest dart,
Midst pleasure I'll expire.

How hard my lot in either case,
My fate's determined sure ;
Death certain stares me in the face,
Both by disease and cure.

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TERMS.

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